

Too Far 291

Chapter 291

Riley let out a scornful huff after hearing Aliona's words. "Anastasia Tillman? Could it be that policewoman's daughter? Interesting..."

A dangerous glint flashed through his eyes the next moment, and through clenched teeth, he growled, "The mother is already a hindrance. I didn't think she would have an even more annoying daughter."

Riley was the one who orchestrated the kidnapping that happened to Elliot when he was 6. It was a pity he didn't manage to get rid of Elliot when a female police officer had sacrificed herself to save the young boy.

He had a feeling the reason Elliot kept repaying the Tillmans was because Anastasia was the policewoman's 2-year-old daughter when that incident happened. He even guessed Elliot had the intention of marrying Anastasia.

The Tillman Family only had their luck to blame for getting involved with him again.

Aliona tilted her gorgeous face upward to look at him. "Father, I have decided to strike. I am confident I can win Elliot's heart." As the foster daughter who grew up under Riley's care, she was also trying her best to repay him.

"Okay. Don't disappoint me. I will investigate Anastasia." It was hard for Riley to get over his resentment when he recalled how Elliot had kicked him out today.

What's more, the enormous Presgrave Group was still in his hands. And even though he had the blood of the Presgraves flowing in his veins, he couldn't get even a cent.

Harriet went into the quiet villa room for a quick visit, and seeing that Anastasia had fallen asleep, Harriet could only inform her grandson to take good care of Anastasia. Harriet then went to Hayley. The young lady kept crying as she desperately explained herself out of fear that Anastasia almost drowning would be her responsibility.

Harriet finally went to rest when it had gotten late. Hayley sat on the bed while Daniel gently massaged her shoulders.

"Daniel, how else do you think I can get Elliot's attention?"

Hearing that, Daniel tried to persuade her, "Why do you agonize yourself like this, Hayley? You will still live a good life even if you leave President Presgrave. He won't let you suffer."

She rolled her eyes at him and stood up asking, "What do you know?"

Of course, there was no way Daniel would understand her anxiety. If there ever came a day when Anastasia became Elliot's wife, Hayley's happy days would come to an end, especially after the incident tonight which would definitely have made Anastasia hate her even more.

Therefore, even if she knew that it was beyond her power, Hayley was determined to destroy the relationship between Elliot and Anastasia with her own hands by any means.

"Hayley, I actually..." Daniel seemed to speak with great difficulty as he looked at her back.

She turned her head to look into his eyes, and just from his gaze alone, her instincts alone told her that the man must have fallen in love with her after they shared 2 nights together!

After she found out that she was rich, she had gained a lot of charms that made people like Daniel fall in love with her. Unfortunately, even if Daniel was going to do well in the future, she could neither wait nor fall for him.

"Just do what you should and don't overthink the rest. You can go out now!" She then walked over and patted him. "Elliot is the only man for me."

"But we—"

She harshly cut him off and warned, "Don't talk about it. You and I are the only ones who know about this. No one else can ever find out, understand?"

He could only let out a sigh as he reluctantly pushed the door open, and left.

Anastasia had a nightmare halfway through her sleep. As if she had sunk into the sea, she struggled against the suffocation that felt like death.

She unknowingly waved her hand in the air as she panted for air with a painful expression on her face.

Elliot was in the midst of resting with his eyes closed on the sofa beside him when he heard the voice coming from the bed. He rushed over immediately, and pressed her outstretched hands down before leaning over. "Anastasia, Anastasia..."

As he continuously called out to her, she eventually broke free from the dream and opened her eyes. As soon as she saw his face, she sat up and tightly wrapped her arms around his neck as if she was grabbing the last piece of driftwood when she was on the verge of death in the water. She then buried herself in his chest and pulled him in for a tight hug.

"Don't leave me... I am scared."

Caught by surprise, he froze for a second before a smile tugged on the corners of his mouth. He also reached out to hug her tight, his eyes glowing with joy. "Don't worry!" he reassured her. "I won't leave you, I am not going anywhere."

Anastasia's face leaned against his heart pounding hot and fast, and it felt oh-so strong and reliable.

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Elliot stroked her long hair, and he comforted her heart that had just recovered from the nightmare. "Don't be afraid. I am here."

Anastasia's fear slowly began to subside then. It was only when she returned to reality that she realized how tightly she was holding onto him. Her pale face immediately blossomed like a red rose, and she quickly let go of him. "Sorry..." she mumbled, embarrassed.

“For you to push me away after you have had your fill, you really have no conscience!” he complained. As he sat on the edge of the bed, he looked at the big bed she was in and asked, “It was very uncomfortable to sleep on the sofa just now. Do you mind if I join you in bed?”

Her face turned pink again at that. Thinking that the sofa did look like it wouldn’t fit his frame, she couldn’t help scooting to the side to the point where she was about to fall off. She had now left a big part of the bed to him.

“Please go ahead!”

He lifted the blanket off the bed, and with his long arms, he tyrannically pulled the woman who was hanging on the edge of the bed back. “Why are you running away? What do you suppose I will do to you when you are in such a state?”

With a tug, she was now pressed against his chest. It was already the darkest hour of the night then, and she didn’t make a sound to break the surrounding silence.

Just like that, they slept in the same bed.

Anastasia, who had just had a good rest, found it difficult to fall asleep again. She raised her head, and from the angle she was looking up from, she had the prime seat to the man’s attractive jawline and sharp collarbone...

Undoubtedly, it was impossible to stay in this man’s arms without thinking about this and that.

“Sleep.” As soon as the light was turned off, and her vision went dark, a big palm held her by the back of her head and pressed her into the man’s chest.

“D—did you give me CPR in front of all the guests?” She had thought about it after the incident, and this seemed like a plausible guess.

“Mhm. Do you mind?” His rough voice came from above her head.

Her face warmed slightly after his nonchalant reply. “I don’t,” she answered. “You did that to save me...”

However, she was still a little embarrassed to think how he did it in front of so many people.

“You don’t seem like you can sleep anymore,” he suddenly asked again, his voice somewhat enticing and dangerous.

His tone didn’t go unnoticed by her, and she quickly shut her eyes and said, “I can sleep! I am sleeping now.”

Wanting to share his feelings then, he randomly threw a question at her. “Anastasia, do you know how flustered and scared I was when I performed CPR on you?”

Her heart tightened when she heard his words. If she were to imagine that it was him lying there instead, she was sure she would feel the same as he did!

“I know,” she knowingly replied. Her words had just fallen when the hand on the back of her head suddenly pulled her in. In the dark of the room, her lips were sealed by the man the next moment.

A punishment for her was overdue since she made him such a mess when the incident happened.

“Mmm...”

Her sensitivity seemed to have heightened when she couldn't see in the dark.

But in the end, the man didn't really do anything else, and only punished her with a kiss. Their bodies, however, were clinging to each other. They could feel every inch of each other's warmth. She was so startled that she immediately pretended to sleep.

She was afraid that he would 'help' her again if she stayed awake.

Eventually, she unconsciously fell asleep in his arms.

Elliot's side of the bed was already empty when Anastasia opened her eyes the next morning. She lightly touched it, and upon feeling the lingering warmth, she started to blush. They had slept together last night, after all.

An attendant soon quietly brought in clean clothes, and they left as soon as they placed the laundry.

Anastasia also got up at this time to take a shower, and she then put on a clean long dress. She pushed open the door and came out to find her phone, where she eventually found both it and her bag in the living room. She proceeded to take her phone, and as soon as the screen lit up, she noticed that she had gotten a few missed calls from Francis and a text message from Erica. With a frown on her face, she clicked into the message.

It was a video that showed Elliot carrying Hayley down before she was going to jump out of the window, and also him putting her on the bed.

Even though Anastasia knew that Elliot was only looking out for Hayley, it still hurt her to see their interaction.

She took out her bag, and it was only after she gave her father a call to tell him that she was all right that Francis could heave a sigh of relief. “You really scared Dad this time.”

“Don't worry, Dad. I am alright.”

He then abruptly asked an unexpected question. “Erica said that you pushed Hayley. Did you really do that?”

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“I didn't push her. She fell in herself.” This was something Anastasia would never admit to.

“Alright. Dad trusts you. It is fortunate that no lives were lost. Don't cause this kind of trouble again.”

She too knew that she had worried her father, and so she meekly replied, “Thanks Dad.”

She reminded herself to watch out for Hayley in the future because Hayley was more scary and vicious than she ever imagined. She would rather watch her drown than save her if it wasn't because she didn't know she could swim last night.

However, it was for a fact that harm had been done to Anastasia's good reputation last night. Not only did the whole of the Presgrave Family know that she had pushed someone into the water, she also refused to apologize, and even beat someone up. Erica had also chosen the perfect time to reveal what Anastasia had done 5 years ago. After all that had happened, the relatives and friends of the Presgraves probably thought that she was an evil woman.

It wouldn't have mattered if she didn't marry into the Presgrave Family. She wouldn't associate with those people anyway. But still, she was concerned at this moment.

"What are you running around for?" She was in the midst of zoning out in the garden when a low male voice called out from behind.

Upon hearing that, she turned back to look at the person, only to see that it was Elliot sauntering toward her. At this moment, the man looked like a god as the morning sunlight shone on him.

He was very good-looking on top of being tall and intimidating. Him being an attractive male was a fact that she had to admit despite how reluctant she was.

In fear of her heart beating irregularly from staring at him, she hurriedly lowered her gaze. "I am not running around. I want to go back."

"I will take you home. Jensen will be back later," he informed her.

Not wanting to take up his time, she immediately rejected his offer. "You can have someone else send me back if you are busy!"

"There is nothing more important than you." After he finished speaking, he reached out his hand to hold her. "Have breakfast before you go. Don't starve yourself out."

"I am not hungry," she bluntly told him. She had no appetite.

However, the man was used to being overbearing. "You still have to eat," he demanded, leaving no room for her to argue.

After she conceded and had her breakfast, she received a call from Harriet again. The older woman was concerned about her condition. In order to not worry her, Anastasia kept telling her that she was fine. She hung up the call soon after. After Anastasia was brought home by Elliot, he went to pick up young Jensen in the afternoon.

She received a call from Elliot after that. He called to let her know that he wasn't going to have dinner at home, and that the servant would prepare dinner for them.

She was glad that Jensen had no clue about what had happened last night. She was afraid of scaring her son.

When it was time for bed, she unconsciously fell asleep when she was keeping her son company. She was so deep in her sleep that she slept through even when Elliot had come to check in on Jared.

He didn't disturb them, and only went back to his room.

The next afternoon, Anastasia sent the finished draft of the drawing to Felicia. It was the necklace she designed for Elliot that was ready for production.

Elliot was in the president's office of Presgrave Corporation when an anxious frown appeared on his face after he read a notification on the screen. "How did he get in so quickly?" he asked.

Rey couldn't help but walk to his front to take a look. He then laughed out loud. "You personally went and showed your face, Young Master Elliot. How can it not be quick?"

Elliot placed his arms on the armrests as he leaned into his seat. "I thought we could drag it on for at least a few months! We probably can't take this kind of news down, can we?"

"It won't be easy. It is a good thing that brings light to good and evil, after all," Rey answered, embarrassed. It might not bring them the result they were looking for if Rey was the one who handled it.

Hearing that, Elliot could only exasperate, "I hope she doesn't see this."

"President Presgrave, you can totally ask Miss Tillman to live with you. I am sure she would agree to it."

Not having the least bit of confidence, Elliot shook his head left and right. "Not necessarily. She isn't as easy to persuade as she appears."

Anastasia was in Elliot's villa's garden swiping on the screen of her phone as she read the news. A familiar name in one of the headlines suddenly caught her eyes, stopping her in her tracks.

'The Crackdown on a Malicious Social Incident Has Come to an End. Lawrence Clavell—the Main Culprit Involved in the Loss of Two Lives—Has Been Arrested and Jailed. All Involved Perpetrators Have Been Dealt With by the Law.'

Seeing that, Anastasia immediately jumped up in joy as she muttered to herself, "So this thug was arrested, huh?"

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Anastasia clicked into the image which also had a video embedded below it. The man who was arrested was definitely Lawrence, the thug who used to be so arrogant. Now that he had been detained, she wouldn't have to constantly be on edge about her and Francis' safety anymore. Moreover, the nature of his crime for having 2 lives lost by his hands was so terrible that Lawrence probably wouldn't be able to get out of prison in this lifetime.

Anastasia immediately called her father and told him the good news. Francis just so happened to have just seen it as well, and he cheered, "Yes! What goes around comes around."

"Dad, if this is the case, I might go home and stay there for the next two days," she informed Francis.

"Why don't you stay at Young Master Elliot's place for a while longer?"

"I am not thick-skinned enough to keep staying here, Dad. I will be bringing Jared home." She had always been someone who didn't like causing people trouble.

"Alright! Move back here with Jared, then. It will be more comfortable for you at home! I will come pay and visit little Jared these 2 days."

“Okay!” she answered before hanging up.

I have to mention this to Elliot tonight.

It was Erica’s first time visiting Hayley’s villa. When she saw this luxury villa that stood alone, her eyes almost fell out in envy.

Like someone who had just seen the big city for the first time after living her whole life in a village, Erica started walking around the bungalow and into the cloakroom and master bedroom. “Hayley, you are so lucky!” she exclaimed. “The Presgraves have given you such a good life. You get to spend the rest of your life indulging in wealth and prosperity.”

“Let’s go! I have prepared 2 gifts for you. Erica, I want you to handle Anastasia with me from now on. I will share whatever good stuff I have with you,” Hayley declared as she tried to get on Erica’s good side.

Erica, in return, hummed agreeably. “Alright! I will definitely help you deal with Anastasia. She happens to be the person my mother and I hate the most.” Erica was more than eager to do it. With Hayley’s help, she would have a better chance to get her father’s property in the future.

Hayley then gave her 2 pieces of jewelry that she herself didn’t like very much, but Erica was overjoyed just to receive the gifts. The duo started chatting about last night as they enjoyed afternoon tea.

Hayley’s eyes were filled with hatred as they spoke. Elliot used to at least show her patience and care to a certain extent, but ever since Anastasia had seduced him, his heart had completely been taken away..

“Hayley, I have a question. Exactly who was the guy who slept with Anastasia back then? We can find him and have him snatch Anastasia’s son away!” Erica also thought of this.

Hayley let out a frown upon hearing her suggestion. “Let’s not talk about that for now. She won’t take this lying down. I will be in trouble if she decides to bite back.”

Unbeknownst to Erica, the reason Hayley didn’t dare do this was because the man who shared a bed with Anastasia that night was Elliot. It was a good thing that Anastasia had been avoiding talking about what happened that night. She would definitely trace it back to Elliot if she were to investigate further into it.

Anastasia would definitely know that her son was also Elliot’s. That would only bring them closer when the time came.

Erica then nodded. “Okay!! We will find another way to deal with her.”

Hayley had actually already thought of a way that she was sure would get her Elliot’s attention.

Erica and Hayley soon left for dinner in Hayley’s sports car when evening came, where Erica started yearning more for the life of a rich person. She knew that her father’s inheritance was what would make her rich, and she had to make sure that it would not be taken away by Anastasia.

Francis’ listed company was worth more than 1 billion dollars! Even if she didn’t want to run the business in the future, she could still be a rich woman if she were to sell it off for a few hundred million.

Erica was getting more and more hungry for the rich life Hayley showed her.

As night fell, the servants in Elliot's villa had begun to prepare dinner. Anastasia and Jared had played soccer for half an hour, and both of them had gone back to their room to take a shower.

At that moment, two beams of headlights shone over the yard outside the villa. The owner of the place had returned.

Elliot, dressed in black from head to toe, stepped into the brightly lit hall.

"Young Master Elliot," the servants respectfully greeted him.

"Where are they?"

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"Miss Tillman and Young Master Tillman are having a bath upstairs."

With that, Elliot treaded upstairs with wide steps, where he went straight to Anastasia's room. Jared had already gone to the playroom after Anastasia had washed him. It was her turn to take a shower in the bathroom now.

She played with the bubbles as she soaked herself in the bathtub, her mind thinking of a way to tell Elliot soon that she was going to go home.

After all, the man had brought her and her son over out of kindness. She couldn't possibly break his heart time after time again.

Elliot thought that she was in the midst of bathing her son, and out of his intention to join them, he unthinkingly pushed open the bathroom door.

In that instant, their eyes met each other's as one of them stood at the door, while the other lay in the bathtub.

"Ah!" Out of surprise, she let out a yelp and sat up straight. Other than the small towel he had on that covered the important parts, Elliot had a good look of her fair and supple upper body.

Anastasia wasn't the only one who was shocked. Even Elliot couldn't believe that he had chosen the wrong time to come in.

It was only when she felt a chill in her upper body that she realized what she had stupidly done out of shock. However, just as she was about to lie back down, she slipped on the bubbles, leaving only her pair of hands struggling above the water.

"Anastasia." This time, he couldn't care less about anything else as he hurried over with long strides, and reached into the water to scoop out the struggling woman.

At that instant, she almost died from shame on the spot.

She was wet from head to toe, and even though there was foam on her hair and body, it probably didn't do much in covering her up. She was now like a newborn baby in his arms.

The only thing she could do now was cover her face with her palms.

She was almost crying when she begged, "Elliot, put me down."

His deep eyes fell on her body then, and they seemed to darken with unexplainable emotion.

“How much longer are you going to look?!” She almost had a breakdown when she noticed that he was quietly looking at her.

When he finally put her back into the bathwater, she sat there with her body curled up as she started getting angry. “Get out,” she hissed.

He only pursed his thin lips to hold back a smile, but still, he gently told her, “Take your bath properly.”

After saying that, he strode out and closed the door behind him.

She was left to miserably cover her face all by herself in the room. She could only hold in her grief from being seen with nothing on her by the man.

She then quickly washed the bubbles off her body and put on her clothes. She eventually let out a relieved sigh when she came out and found that Elliot was nowhere to be seen.

He was actually accompanying Jared at the time. However, unlike his usual self who was always smooth at playing the Rubik’s cube, he couldn’t even match the little guy’s speed because his mind was preoccupied with a body figure he had seen earlier.

“Mr. Presgrave, I won again,” Jared boasted as he proudly waved the Rubik’s cube around.

Elliot reached out and stroked his head, and he praised, “You are awesome, Jared. I admit defeat.”

The little guy seemed to have gotten a great sense of achievement after hearing his words. Elliot turned to look at the time then. “I think it is about time we go down for dinner.”

As Elliot walked out with Jared’s little hand in his, Anastasia also coincidentally came out of the room. She instantly felt so embarrassed that she wanted to burrow into the ground. It felt rather unnecessary for her even if she were to wrap a blanket around her body.

Even though she was wearing a sweater, the way he looked at her made her panic with the feeling that she was standing in front of him with nothing on.

Jared brought her back to reality when he suddenly turned to her and said, “Mommy, let’s go downstairs for dinner.”

“Mm! Okay, let’s go!” She then went down the stairs first, making the corners of Elliot’s lips curl upward.

That was definitely a scene he would never forget all his life. Even though all that had happened within a short minute, there was not a thing in sight that he didn’t properly appreciate.

On the other hand, Anastasia was desperate to hide herself in a hole if she could.

Her face was hot throughout dinnertime. She would also tense up all over whenever his eyes landed on her.

After dinner, Elliot took Jared for a walk. Instead of joining them, Anastasia sat in the side hall as she used her phone. She also paid attention to the proceeding of Lawrence’s court case. It seemed that it

would be impossible for both Lawrence and his goons to get out of prison after the 2 murder cases they had committed.

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It had turned 9:30PM at some point. Anastasia unconsciously yawned as she looked out the window and took note of autumn night sky. It seemed like winter was just around the corner.

At this moment, she heard a sound from the main entrance of the villa, she guessed that Elliot and Jared had returned from their walk.

As soon as she came out to greet them, she saw Elliot holding the sleeping Jared in his arms with one of his coats covering the young boy's body. Surprised, she hurried over and asked, "How did he fall asleep?"

"Jared got tired from walking. I will take him to the bedroom." After saying that, Elliot started walking up the stairs with his long legs as Anastasia closely followed after them.

Elliot was already acting like a father. He gently placed Jared on the bed, took off his coat and shoes, covered him with the blanket, tucked him in, and brushed his jet black hair on his forehead before he pressed a kiss on the child's clear forehead.

She was surprised as she stood at the door and watched their interaction. Is Elliot's love for Jared true? she wondered.

Does he really like a child that has no blood ties with him?

She was still in a daze when the man walked toward her and took advantage to hug her by the waist. He then gently closed the door.

In a panic, she quickly took a step back and stretched out her hands to push him by his strong chest. However, the man deliberately stuck close to her, his deep eyes revealing a myriad of emotions.

The scene in the bathroom just now had ignited the fire in him.

"Elliot, don't." She looked up at him calmly. "I have something to tell you."

He seemed to have guessed that this was going to happen, and he swiftly pointed in the direction of the living room on the second floor, "We will talk there."

She followed him with a frown on her face. She didn't seem to be in a particularly good mood. Suddenly, the man walking in front turned back to her and offered, "I can let you look back at me if you think it was unfair."

It only took her a second to understand his words. "I don't want it," she mumbled as she glanced at him shyly.

"Well, your loss." The man who was now behind her sounded extremely confident.

She sat down on the sofa with a flushed face, and she angrily glared at him. "Can you knock before you enter next time?"

"I thought you were giving Jared a bath. I apologize," he uttered earnestly. He was in the wrong after all. She didn't want to delve into this matter anymore since it had already happened. Arguing about it would only add to her embarrassment. As someone who had given birth to a child, it didn't matter to her all that much anyway.

"Thank you for caring and protecting Jared and I all this time. I saw the news this afternoon that Lawrence has been arrested. Since we are safe now," she spoke her mind, "I have decided to bring Jared back to my home tomorrow."

Elliot's eyebrows furrowed at that. "Everything has been fine during your stay here. Why must you move out?"

"I can't keep bothering you... I—"

"I like it when you do." He cut her off mid-sentence, his deep eyes locked on her.

She had wanted to properly bid him farewell, but when she heard him interrupt her, she blinked a few times and grumbled, "Can you please not interrupt me?"

"Anastasia, let me 'buy' you. Name a price!" Sitting on the dark sofa, he looked like a noble, godly king.

She started to feel like her farewell was steering more and more off its course because of him.

Exasperated, she sighed, "Elliot, can you let me finish?"

"Only if you promise to stay. I don't want to hear anything else." He wanted to act stubborn despite knowing how she would still leave once she had set her mind to it.

She ignored his words and continued, "Thank you for housing Jared and I for so many da—"

"How are you going to thank me?" he interrupted her again, rendering her speechless.

What a rude guy! she fumed.

Instead of answering him, she threw a question back at him. "How do you want me to thank you?"

"You know what I want." He tossed it back to her.

Knowing that it was something she wouldn't agree to, she acted dumb and exclaimed, "How would I know what you want?!"

"So those are just empty words when you said you wanted to thank me?" The man pretended to be upset.

"Ehem, of course I am sincere about it."

His eyes then shifted to gloomily stare at somewhere else. "But you don't know what I want," he mumbled. He looked like an abandoned child at this very moment.

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Anastasia's heart softened, and she sighed, "What do you want, then?"

“Don’t you know what I want?” Elliot threw the question back to her again. It would be meaningless if he had to tell her step-by-step about wanting her to love him.

Seeing that the conversation had come to a dead end, she suddenly thought of something before she stood up and said, “Thank you for taking care of us all this while, President Presgrave. It is late. We should get some rest. Good night.”

She was just about to walk past him when he, too, stood up from the sofa as he held her by the wrist. “Please don’t go. Don’t take Jared away from me,” he pleaded.

Upon hearing that, Anastasia stopped walking, her heart skipped a beat..

What is he talking about? she thought.

Why is he talking like I am abandoning him by leaving?

“President Presgrave... Please, let go of my hand.” She didn’t have the courage to turn to look at him.

“Anastasia,” he called out. “It is impolite to talk with your back facing others. Look me in the eyes and say it to my face.” After saying that, he turned her around by her shoulders and pinched her chin with his big palm as he forced her to look up.

She raised her head and looked straight into the man’s eyes. She noticed the anticipation and, surprisingly, a hint of fragility in his gaze. She could see her reflection between his long upper and lower lashes.

“Elliot, stop it...”

He could only let go of her in frustration. He had zero idea on how to keep her by his side.

After she was released, she took a step back, turned around, and went back to her room. She could still feel the pressure of his intense stare on her.

She still insisted on taking her son home tomorrow. She was going to return to work, and as for her son, she decided to enrol him in a private kindergarten with better security measures.

Neither Anastasia nor the man in the master bedroom had a good sleep that night.

She was in the midst of packing things the next morning when Elliot rapped his knuckles on the door before coming in. As soon as she finished packing up, she turned to him and requested, “I will have to trouble you to give us a ride.”

“It is about time Jared went to a different school,” he abruptly mentioned.

“I know. I will get in contact with a better school.”

“No need for that,” he immediately rejected her idea. “I have already gotten Jared a spot in a prestigious kindergarten after contacting them. He can start going to school tomorrow onward.”

“Is it near to Bourgeois?” she asked.

“It is close.”

“That is great. How about the school fees?” She wasn’t a wealthy woman, after all.

His eyebrows shot up at that. “You don’t have to worry about this. I will handle his school fees.”

“No, I can’t have you do that. I will pay you,” she quickly answered him. She didn’t want to owe him anything. Instead, he only unexpectedly said, “Money talks hurt relationships. He might become my son one day. It is my responsibility to raise him.”

She speechlessly stayed in the room for a while.

After she broke out of her reverie, she sat on the bed and immediately searched for all the prestigious kindergartens near Bourgeois. She only found one whose annual tuition fee was about 288,000 dollars.

She was slightly mind-blown when she saw the numbers. Why is this so expensive? she asked herself.

It was no wonder he didn’t want to tell her. He must have been worried that she couldn’t afford it. But in fact, it wasn’t an amount she could support with her meager salary.

She continued to search for another kindergarten around the neighborhood again, but she could only sigh in frustration when she found a few public ones that had a lottery system. There was no way she would enroll Jared in these shady schools.

At about 10:00PM, Elliot drove the mother-and-son duo home. They finally reached the area where Anastasia’s house was after an hour of driving. It was only after she pushed open the door to her house that she instantly felt a lot more relaxed.

She turned to Elliot and said, “President Presgrave, I won’t be sending you off if you have work to attend to.”

“I am not busy,” he briefly replied before he sat down on the sofa and kept Jared company.

Anastasia began to clean up then. She busily cleaned the room which was slightly bigger than 100 square meters, and soon the home looked like it was new.

Just as she straightened her back, someone beside her handed a glass of water. She began drinking it with a smile on her face when she saw that it was her son who brought it. “What a good boy my baby Jared is,” she cooed.

“Take a rest, Mommy!”

“Mommy isn’t tired.”

After she was done with the cleaning, she went to the supermarket downstairs to buy some food for the evening. It took her until the evening to be done with her grocery shopping, but Elliot was still there by the time she returned home. He seemed to have made himself comfortable at some point.

She personally cooked dinner at night, and Elliot only left after eating his share. Before he left, he informed her, “I will be picking Jared up for school tomorrow.”

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“I still haven’t thought about whether or not to send Jared to that school,” Anastasia replied.

"You don't have to think about it," Elliot said. "I have already decided for you." He then left after closing the door behind him.

She was thinking if she should just go ahead with the decision! She had gone through the teaching philosophy of that school, and it all seemed very good.

She eventually fell asleep after debating over her dilemma the whole night. The next morning had already arrived by the time she opened her eyes. Elliot came and knocked on her door at 8:00PM sharp. She hadn't really come up with an answer despite her sleepless night, and so Elliot took Jared by his hand and said, "Let's go. I will take you to your new school."

"I haven't thought about it yet." She pulled her son back. "I have to think about it again. I will check out the other schools in the area today."

Elliot tugged on the little guy's other hand again. "WOuldn't I have donated 5 million dollars in vain if Jared doesn't go to school here?"

"What?" She could feel her brain short-circuit. "You donated 5 millions?!" She couldn't believe that he actually made a donation just for his son to go to school!

As she was still frozen in shock, Elliot brought Jared to the elevator. She hurriedly followed after them into the elevator, and her head was still a mess when she looked at him and questioned him. "Did you really donate 5 million dollars?"

"Mhm," he answered casually while fixing his cufflinks.

"Why didn't you discuss it with me?" She was hysterical after hearing him confirm it. She couldn't believe how wilful Elliot was.

"I don't think any discussion is needed for this kind of trivial matter. I made the decision almost instantly." The man's phoenix eyes narrowed slightly.

Anastasia felt like a boulder was pressed against her chest that she couldn't breathe. The 5-million donation suddenly felt like her responsibility. No, she thought. I can't let his donation go to waste. She had found a private kindergarten about 20 minutes from her workplace, and it had a yearly fee of one hundred thousand dollars that she could still afford.

Her attitude suddenly did a 180, and she flashed a bright smile at him. "I will take Jared to school in a while, then! Why don't you go back to the company, President Presgrave? I will have to have a good conversation with the teacher after Jared has arrived at his new school!"

Elliot had postponed a morning meeting just to send the young boy to school. He glumly replied, "I will go with you."

"No, no," she immediately refused. "Go ahead and get busy with your work."

He was about to say something when he got off the elevator when his phone began to ring. After he reached for his phone and accepted the call, he spoke into it. "Hey... Okay. I will come over."

"Alright, then. You can send Jared to Eden Kindergarten. Everything has been arranged. He can attend classes straightaway."

Anastasia was overjoyed when she saw that there was finally business that Elliot couldn't step away from, and she gleefully bid him farewell. "Okay. Thank you for being so kind. Goodbye."

After she and her son watched Elliot's car drive off, she took her son by his hand and said, "Jared, Mommy will take you to your new school. Let's go!"

She then drove her son to the school she chose. Although it wasn't top-notch, it was not bad at all. She approved of the security measures, too. Also, the school seemed to be extra safe as it was situated beside a police station.

She was lucky that there just so happened to be a spot for Jared because of a child who dropped out.

Even though Jared was a transfer student who joined class halfway, he was not afraid to be in the new environment at all. It was already eleven 11AM by the time she went through all the admission procedures. Anastasia watched as her son was brought into class by a teacher, and she waved at him. "Jared, Mommy will pick you up this afternoon."

The young boy waved goodbye happily before he went off to see his new classmates. Without missing a beat, Anastasia went to visit the top private kindergarten in the city center.

The teacher had been waiting for Jared to come to handle the admission, but it was Anastasia who ended up appearing. Anastasia assumed the position as Elliot's assistant to find her way to the principal's office, where she started discussing the donation. She wasn't ashamed at all to ask for a refund since Jared didn't end up studying here.

The principal was not happy about it at first, but as Anastasia kept insisting on the refund, the principal could only give her his signature with a sour face. It was only after an hour when Anastasia had gotten the bank card for the 5-million-dollar refund that she could finally leave feeling relieved.

Chapter 299

Anastasia had returned to Bourgeois after that.

As she was having lunch with Felicia outside, the latter told her that Elliot hadn't been to Bourgeois ever since Anastasia had been on leave. She then teasingly added, "It looks to me you are the only reason President Presgrave comes to the company!"

Anastasia's face immediately heated up. Felicia seemed to be someone who could see through everything. She also told Anastasia that a new designer had come over in the afternoon due to the expansion of the business. The person was a rather mysterious person whose gender Felicia didn't know, and seemed to have had an airborne arrival at the company.

"For the designer to arrive in such a way, they definitely have some sort of relationship with President Presgrave," Felicia speculated.

Hearing that, Anastasia couldn't help but think to herself, Could it be a relative of the Presgrave family?

At 2:30PM, Anastasia went and greeted Lily, the assistant working in the general office. She reminded Lily to inform her as soon as Elliot reached the company.

She was sorting out the latest emails she had received when the landline rang, and she swiftly reached out to pick it up. "Hi," she greeted briefly, in which Lily's voice came from the other end of the call.

"Miss Tillman, President Presgrave has arrived."

"Got it. Thank you."

After she hung up the call, she took out the bank card with 5 million dollars from her bag. She couldn't wait to give it to Elliot so that she could feel more at ease.

With the card in her hand, she walked in the direction of the elevator, where she then pressed the button to the eighth floor. She suddenly thought of what Felicia said about how Elliot had not been to Bourgeois this week. But he is here now, she mused. Could it be true that he is here because of me?

She had never believed that she had the ability to make Elliot give up the luxurious and spacious office of Presgrave Group's headquarters, and transfer to a place like Bourgeois.

But it was for a fact that Elliot was here today.

As she passed by Lily's office, she noticed that the assistant was not in her seat. She then walked directly to Elliot's office, and when she saw the door that was hidden from plain sight, she was about to knock on it when she heard a coquettish laughter from behind the door. "I will definitely work hard and live up to your expectations, Elliot."

"You don't have to thank me," Elliot said fondly in his deep voice. "You can always ask for my help with work in the future."

"Mhm! I know. I will try my best not to bother you. I am already very happy to be your subordinate." The female voice was pleasant to listen to. For her to have such a sweet and melodious voice, she probably was a beauty as well.

Is this the airborne designer that Felicia was talking about? She seems like she knows Elliot personally. Anastasia's hand froze mid-air as multiple thoughts began to swim through her mind.

The woman suddenly sounded bashful as she spoke expectantly. "Are you free tonight, Elliot? I want to treat you to a meal."

Anastasia had suspected that it might be one of the Presgraves' relative's children, but when she heard her flirtatious tone, it was obvious that they were not related by blood. The woman probably fancied the man, too.

Elliot was a dreamboat, after all.

He neither rejected nor agreed. "Tonight? I will check if I have the time."

"It is so amazing how you alone manage such a big company." The woman's voice was full of admiration.

Hearing that, Elliot let out a low laugh and replied, "It can be tiring sometimes."

"Which is why I want to buy you something good for dinner tonight and help you relax. Aww come on, just say yes!" The woman inside the office was half-seducing and half-pleading. Her soft voice seemed useful at making men listen to her.

“Miss Tillman, what are you doing?” Lily suddenly asked in an emotionless voice.

Anastasia was completely surprised by Lily’s sudden appearance. She didn’t even notice that her upper body was already leaning over. In that instant, she lost her balance, and she abruptly slammed open the office door in front of her as she stumbled into Elliot’s office.

She panickedly raised her head, only to see Elliot sitting at the desk, and there was a young woman in a suit leaning over on his desk. She had her chin plopped in her palms as she put on a cute and kittenish appearance.

Not brave enough to look at the man’s face, Anastasia bowed her head and stammered as she apologized. “So—sorry to bother you. I didn’t mean to interrupt. Please, continue with what you were doing...”

Chapter 300

A look of displeasure flashed across Aliona’s face. Is she doing this on purpose? she fumed as she looked at Anastasia. She really knows how to pick the worst timing. Of all the time she could have come, she just had to choose to show up now.

Elliot’s conflicted gaze fell on the woman who had just barged in, and he was instantly overjoyed. Was she eavesdropping from outside?

After Anastasia had regained her composure, she began to explain in a serious manner. “I apologize. I have just arrived. I will come back later if I have interrupted your conversation.”

She was about to turn around and leave after saying that when a male voice called out from behind. “Wait a minute.” Elliot then turned to the woman at his table and said, “Aliona, go and get familiarized with your office first.”

Aliona’s plan to invite him to dinner immediately failed because of Anastasia’s intervention. She pursed her lips and smiled as she replied, “Got it, Elliot. I am off, then.”

The two women looked at each other as Aliona walked past Anastasia. Despite feeling upset, Aliona managed to greet Anastasia politely. “Hello,” she said.

“Hello,” Anastasia replied in an equally polite voice.

As soon as the door behind her closed, she had no choice but to look up at the man sitting at the desk. However, when their eyes met, she lowered her head guiltily as she walked over to him. She then meekly put the bank card she had tightly held on to in front of him, “I am returning this.”

Elliot’s gaze followed along, and when he saw the card, he slightly frowned as he asked, “What is this?”

She cleared her throat then. “This is the 5-million donation I got back from Eden Kindergarten. Please take it!”

Elliot’s handsome face instantly fell.

He couldn’t believe that Anastasia would get a refund behind his back!

“Did you not send Jared to this school?” He stood up angrily, his big and tall frame towering over her.

Startled, she took a guilty step back and quickly explained, "I have my limitations. I can only give Jared the best education within my ability. I can't depend on your help."

He was so angry after hearing her words that his chest started to hurt. He reached out to fix the front of his top, and he let out a long breath. "Where did you send him?"

It somewhat seemed to her that he was the most agitated because her son could not receive the best education.

She was still grateful for his concern over her son's well being, and so she comforted him. "President Presgrave, I know that you like Jared, but you really don't have to worry. I sent him to another private school. It is also a pretty decent school. Please keep the card."

As she turned around to leave after saying her fill, she heard a cold huff coming from behind. "What did you hear just now?" Elliot questioned her.

She stopped walking and shook her head. "I didn't hear anything."

"Her name is Aliona Dora. She is the daughter of my father's best friend. She will be your colleague from today onward," he explained casually.

Just as Anastasia had thought, she was the girl Felicia said was airborne here.

Turning her head, she praised, "Oh! Is that so? She is very beautiful!" She then looked at the man with thoughtful eyes.

He noticed her odd gaze, and he let out a frown as he asked, "What is it that you are trying to say?"

"Seems to me she likes you very much. She must have the intention to pursue you. You have to grab onto the opportunity, President Presgrave." she jokingly replied.

"Be more confident. She is no prettier than you." He rested both arms on the desk as he gazed at her with fiery eyes.

She was stunned for a few seconds, and she started talking down about herself. "How am I pretty? I am just normal. I can't compare to her."

"Haven't you heard the saying that love makes everything beautiful, and that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder? Even if you were to turn into a idiot some day, you would still be the most beautiful idiot in the world to me," he teasingly scolded her.

Enraged, she rolled her eyes at him. How dare he call me a idiot! He is the idiot, not me!

"I will go pick up Jared with you in the evening. I would also like to take a look at his new school." The man had finally accepted her arrangement. It wasn't the first time she had rejected his help, anyway.

Rejecting him was a trait that made Anastasia who she was. He was already used to it.

Elliot couldn't help but find it strange how all the women who approached him, Aliona who he met today included, would do everything possible to get his attention. Anastasia somehow was the only exception.

